

This is the anniversary of the incorporation of Bath, Me., in 1781. Bath was the first town incorporated under the United States Government. Formerly famous for its ship building, it is now comparatively obscure.

The Inside of the Cup

An Inspiring Story of Love and Spiritual Uplift With Many Dramatic and Human Scenes

By Winston Churchill.

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and "Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity."

"The Inside of the Cup" published serially here by permission of the Macmillan Co., and made into a photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions, is released as a Paramount picture.

THE appointed time was at the November dusk, hurried forward nearly an hour by the falling panoply of smoke driven westward over the park by the wet east wind. And the rector was conducted, with due ceremony, to the office upstairs which he had never again expected to enter, where that other memorable interview had taken place. The curtains were drawn. And if the green-shaded lamp—the only light in the room—had been arranged by a master of dramatic effect, it could not have better served the setting.

In spite of Allison's letter, Hodder was unprepared for the ravages a few days had made in the face of Eldon Parr. Not that he appeared older; the impression was less natural, more sinister. The cheeks had drawn sharply over the cheekbones, and strangely the eyes both contradicted and harmonized with the transformation of the features. These, too, had changed. They were not dead and lustrous, but gleamed out of the shadowy caverns into which they had sunk, unyielding, indomitable in torment—eyes of a spirit rebellious in the flames.

This spirit somehow produced the sensation of its being separated from the body, for the movement of the hand, inviting Hodder to seat himself, seemed almost automatic. "I understand," said Eldon Parr, "that you wish to marry my daughter."

"It is true that I am to marry Allison," Hodder answered, "and that I intended, later on, to come to inform you of the fact."

He did not mention the death of Preston. Condolences, under the circumstances, were utterly out of the question.

"How do you purpose to support her?" the banker demanded.

"She is of age, and independent of you. You will pardon me if I reply that this is a matter between ourselves." "I do not know," said Hodder, "but I had made up my mind that the day she married you I would not only disinherit her but refuse absolutely to have anything to do with her."

"If you cannot perceive what she perceives, that you have already by your own life cut her off from you absolutely, and that seeing her will not mend matters while you remain relentless, nothing I can say will convince you," Hodder did not speak rebukingly. The utter uselessness of it was never more apparent. The man was so hardened beyond all present reprieve, at least.

A REMINDER.

"She left you to save herself," "We need not discuss that."

"I am far from wishing to discuss it," Hodder replied. "I do not know why you have asked me to come here, Mr. Parr. It is clear that your attitude has not changed since our last conversation. I tried to make it plain to you why I remain relentless, nothing I can say will convince you." Hodder did not speak rebukingly. The utter uselessness of it was never more apparent. The man was so hardened beyond all present reprieve, at least.

"There was a time," retorted the banker, "when you did not refuse to accept it."

"Yes," Hodder replied, "that is true." It came to him vividly then that it had been Allison herself who had cast the enlightening gleam which revealed his inconsistency. But he did not defend in all this, Mr. Hodder, but a species of insanity. said Eldon Parr, and there crept into his tone both querulousness and intense exasperation.

"I can see nothing in your marriage, first place, which would make me any more dependent on you than you have any dependable means of support."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

REGULAR HABITS NOW; CONSTIPATION GONE

Mr. Brooks suffered for years—Tells how he got relief.

"I have tried a great many things for constipation, but the only thing that has been able to relieve me is Milks Emulsion. I am now on my second bottle, and am able to take very little of it now. My bowels move regularly every morning, which they have not been doing for a number of years. It seems like living again, after suffering so long. I recommended Milks Emulsion to two of my friends and both say it is the best remedy they ever heard of."—Elmer C. Brooks, 329 Washington St., Peoria, Ill.

Constipation weakens the bowel muscles. Salts and purgatives only increase this condition. Milks Emulsion is a real food. It is the best remedy under its guaranty, without risking a cent.

Milks Emulsion is a pleasant, nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy, natural bowel action, doing away with all need of pills and quickly puts the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food. As a builder of flesh and strength, Milks Emulsion is strongly recommended to those whose sickness has weakened, and is a powerful aid in resisting and repairing the effects of wasting diseases. Chronic stomach trouble and constipation are promptly relieved.

This is the only solid emulsion made, and so palatable that it is eaten with a spoon like ice cream.

No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milks Emulsion under this guaranty—Take six bottles home with you, use it according to directions and if not satisfied with the results, your money will be promptly refunded. Price 25c and \$1.50 per bottle. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Sold by Peoples Drug Stores and all first-class druggists.

"The never spared her criticisms of me, and you presume to condemn me, a man who, if he has neglected his children, has done so because he has spent too much of his time in serving his community and his country, and who has—if I have to say it myself—built up the prosperity of my city and others are doing your best to tear down, and which can only result in the spread of misery."

"You profess to have a sympathy with the masses, but you do not know them as I do. They cannot control themselves. They require a strong hand. But I am not asking for your sympathy. I have been misunderstood all my life. I have become used to ingratitude, even from my children, and I have done more than any other man."

Hodder stared at him in amazement.

"You really believe that?" he exclaimed.

"Believe it?" Eldon Parr repeated. "I have had my troubles, as heavy burdens, and I have had, all of them, even this of my son's death, all the ingratitude and lack of sympathy I have experienced" (he looked deliberately at Hodder) "have not prevented me from doing my duty today from regarding my fortune as a trust."

THE WRONG TRACK.

"You have deprived St. John's, at least so long as you remained there, of some of its benefits, and the responsibility for that is on your own head. And I am now making arrangements to give to Cavalry the settlement house which St. John's should have had."

The words were spoken with such an air of conviction, of unconscious plausibility, as it were, that it was impossible for Hodder to doubt the genuineness of the attitude they expressed. And yet it was more than his mind could grasp.

"Horace Bentley, Richard Garvin, and the miserable woman of the streets whom he had driven to destroy herself had made absolutely no impression whatever. The gifts, the benefactions of Eldon Parr, his fellow-men, would go on as before."

You ask me why I sent for you," the banker went on. "It was primarily because I hoped to impress upon you the folly of marrying my daughter. And in spite of all the injury and injustice you have done me, I do not forget that you were once in a relationship to me which has been unique in my life. I trusted you, I admired you for your ability, for your faculty of getting on with men. At that time you were wise enough not to attempt to pass comment upon accidents in business affairs which are, if deplorable, inevitable."

Eldon Parr's voice gave a momentary sign of breaking.

"I will be frank with you. My son's death has led me, perhaps weakly, to make one more appeal. You have ruined your career by these chimerical, socialistic notions you have taken up and which you mistake for Christianity."

"As a practical man I can tell you positively that St. John's will run downhill until you are bankrupt. The people who come to you now are in search of a new sensation and when that grows stale they will fall away. Even if a respectable number remain in your congregation, after this excitement and publicity have died down, I have reason to know that it is impossible to support a large city church on contributions. It has been tried again and again, and failed. You have borrowed money for the church's present needs. When that is gone I predict that you will find it difficult to get more."

LIKE A THREAT.

This had every indication of being a threat, but Hodder, out of sheer curiosity, did not interrupt. And it was evident that the banker drew a wrong conclusion from his silence, which he may actually have taken for reluctant acquiescence. His tone grew more assertive.

"The church, Mr. Hodder, cannot do without the substantial business men I have told the bishop so, but he is falling so rapidly from old age that I might as well not have wasted my breath. He needs an assistant, a surrogate or coadjutor, and I intend to make it my affair to see that he gets one. When I remember him as was ten years ago, I find it hard to believe that he is touched with these fancies. To be charitable, it is senile decay. He seems to forget what I have done for him, personally—made up his salary, paid his expenses at different times, and no appeal for the diocese to me was ever in vain. But again, I will let that go."

"What I am getting at is this. You have made a mess of the affairs of St. John's, you have made a mess of your life. I am willing to give you the credit for sincerity. Some of my friends might not be. You want to marry my daughter, and she is apparently determined to marry you. If you are sensible and resign from St. John's now I will settle on Allison a sufficient sum to allow you both to live in comfort and decency the rest of your lives. I will not have it said of me that I permitted my daughter to become destitute."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Tell Time By Moon

By Garrett P. Serviss.

FOR night wanderers the moon is a kindly clock hand and guide to the points of the compass, if one requires of her only the routine of the day. For instance, broadly speaking, the half-moon (first quarter) is south at 6 p. m., local or sun-dial time, southwest at 9 p. m., and west, if visible, at midnight. The three-quarter moon (gibbous) is southeast at 6 p. m., south at 9 p. m., southwest at midnight and west at 3 a. m. The full moon is east at 6 p. m., southeast at 9 p. m., south at midnight, southwest at 3 a. m., and west at 6 a. m. The gibbous moon, halfway between full and last quarter, is east at 9 p. m., southeast at midnight, south at 3 a. m., and southwest at 6 a. m. The last-quarter moon is east at midnight, southeast at 3 a. m., and south at 6 a. m.

These indications serve fairly well for lower and middle latitudes, and in winter the moon's position is made for the changing position of the moon's track through the sky with reference to the horizon at different latitudes and different seasons. In winter the moon runs high between first and last quarter, and the full moon sets well north of the west point and rises correspondingly north of the east point.

In summer, on the other hand, the moon runs low from first to last quarter, and the full moon rises and sets proportionately far south of the horizon and points. With a little experience one can easily take these changes into account and use the moon at all seasons as a fairly good guide, especially between 9 p. m. and 3 a. m.

Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs

Makes a family supply of really dependable cough medicine. Easily prepared and saves about \$2.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness or difficulty breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with a bottle of Pinex. Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. If you use Pinex, this recipe makes a pint of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give you a real relief. You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and soothes the inflamed membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness and ease and certainty that it is really astonishing. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for "25c ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Tell Time Smart Wraps and Coats

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THE shops are now offering splendid values in winter wraps. If you are looking for one to finish out the season with, and for next year, too, this is an excellent time to take advantage of values.

For combines wonderfully well with rich bolivia cloth. A stunning dolman in old blue is one with a great raccoon collar. No fastenings are needed, and one drapes it around snugly and holds it at the front. Deep arm-holes are cuffed with self material.

Brown is such a warm, cozy color, and when it allies itself with blue, it is both good-looking and comfortable. One smart wrap of tobacco brown is draped fashionably narrow at the bottom and deeply collared in the beaver. A stunning lining of yellow and tan figures is effectively used.

Occasionally one finds a wrap that is beautiful without being trimmed, and then rich embroidery is substituted. One lovely model of honey-combed velvet reaches almost to the waist, and this surface is decorated by dark brown wool embroidery. This wrap is very moderate.

Riches for Children

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

How definitely shall we tell our half-grown children about the family income?

How can we keep our boy modest and self-reliant if we tell him that some day he will inherit a comfortable life annuity?

How can we teach thrift and business success to our children when we are consuming every dollar of the family income for our immediate living expenses? That is, how can we preach success to our children when we are conspicuously not a success ourselves?

There is one general and very necessary answer to this two-pointed question: Teach your child to go it alone. Let him walk on his own feet, to learn to pay his own way through life.

Wealthy parents—those who expect to leave considerable money to their children—will do well to use caution in making such a fact known to their half-grown boys and girls. The youthful heir is almost certain to misjudge the matter and to quit trying to amount to something on his own account.

Only in so far as he has self-acquired wealth of character can your boy or girl make any valuable use of the money he may inherit from his parents. And then he may need a very little of such help.

Racquet Wood

Wood for tennis rackets requires at least five years' seasoning. That is to say, it requires to be kept five years in the rough timber state. Wood for the very best racquets is kept for forty years before it is considered in condition to be used.

The Washington Times Magazine Page

WHEN OLD MAN EVERSOLE'S HORSE STARTED RUNNING AWAY—



INSTEAD OF TRYING TO PULL UP THE CRITTER HE BEGAN TO SHED HIS CLOTHES WHICH HE WRAPPED AROUND HIS JUG OF SEVEN-YEAR-OLD AND TOSSED IT SAFELY TO THE ROADSIDE JUST BEFORE THE BIG SMASH CAME.

THE ORIGIN OF HONEYMOONS

MARYLAND COOKING

IS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?

BOOKS

PEPPER HASH

GIVE UP LITTLE NEMO DREAMS.

A FAITHFUL ONE.

NOT ANY MAN.

WHAT SHALL SHE EAT?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

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The pearl industry has taken up the X-ray as a money saver. The oysters are radiographed without the shells being opened, and those containing no pearls are not considered. Those showing signs of small pearls are put back to grow up.

When a Girl Marries

A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

Jim's hand lay gently on my hair, but as he spoke I could feel it tensing for a moment before it went on again with its soothing stroking.

"That I can't write to you?" I gasped. "I'm going to be cut off from you entirely? Oh, Jim! Not to know where you're going is terrible enough—and not to know how long you'll be gone, but now you tell me I must not write. Why, you'll be out of my life entirely—lost to me. Must I bear that?"

Jim reached around and pulled me up to face him. He spoke in a voice of tenderness that I shall never forget.

"But I'll write to you, dear. I'll send you word whenever I can. As often as possible. It's I who must bear the silence. It is I who must long for your letters and not get them. I'll know you're here, though, like a prince. I'll hear your voice through the silence. I'll be able to go through with it because I'll know that you are here—and waiting."

When the train which bore Jim away from me became a mere speck on the narrowing track, I turned blindly and hurried out of the cold station. Out to the street I went and instinctively made for a taxicab standing vacant at the curb. The driver rushed up from a group which he was loitering and chatting and flung open the door, asking obsequiously:

"Where to?"

"Oh, I don't want a cab. I'm sorry. I'm not going to ride," I stammered, backing away in shame and realization that I could no longer afford taxicabs.

As I hurried through the inconspicuous side street I caught a glimpse of Tom Mason, coming out of a quiet little restaurant. There was a girl with him, but before I could determine who she was, they got into a car and drove away. For a minute I found myself wondering whether the girl was Irma Warren or perhaps Daisy Condon. Then I realized that it might perfectly well be some girl I didn't know.

So I dismissed the incident from my mind. It seemed strangely unimportant.

IN A QUANDARY.

The very minute I opened the apartment door I heard a murmur of voices. Bertha's, Hedwig's, and unmistakably, though greatly to my surprise, Jeanie's, too. I frowned irritably. Whatever was I going to do now? Jeanie's presence upset all my plans, for how could I talk with Bertha about Lyons unless we were alone?

"Jeanie knew nothing of Lyons' story—not even that he was Bertha's husband. Lyons hadn't telephoned in the morning as Bertha had promised. I had been waiting for a message from him, but before I could get it now. After a moment's hesitation, I flung back my head and, determined to do something to the inspiration of the moment. So I marched to the living room, where I found Jeanie, with sleeves rolled up and cap swathing her head, working away as if this were an old-fashioned spring housecleaning."

Bertha was washing down paint while Hedwig was beating a cushion out of the window. For a minute I was furious at what seemed the reflection on my housekeeping. Then I found myself struggling between curiosity and amusement.

"Hello, Mrs. Dalton! What's the big idea? I demanded the most cheerful look I could contrive, and Virginia looked up beaming with exercise and good will.

"We've packed everything but your most personal belongings," said she. "And we've put the apartment in apple pie order to close and to open again on a moment's notice."

Then, in response to my look of startled amazement, she went on laughingly:

"Didn't you know you were going home with me, young lady?"

"Yes," I said dully, adding protestingly, "but not for keeps!"

"Course not for keeps! Only till Jim gets back. Can you girls finish without me?" asked Virginia, flashing a smile at the maids that would have procured service from a swathed mummy. "All right, then, Anne! I'll help you with the rest of your packing and then we'll be all ready when Pat stops by for us last night."

Men and women when they enter into matrimony must give up their Little Nemo dreams, Cinderella and Prince Charming stories and Arabian Night tales, and face conditions as they really are, and not as their romantic fancies and desires may want them. No man should marry until he is able to support a wife comfortably, and no woman should marry until she is willing to perform the duties of wifehood properly. If the "Golden Rule" was observed more in married life there would be much more happiness and fewer separations and divorces.

A CALM AND CONTENTED OBSEVER.

The largest chrysanthemum yet grown, and has a circumference of thirty inches, was recently shown in London.

Found at last—the ideal way to bring out the hidden beauty of the hair—all the glorious tones of titanium, burnished gold and bronze, sparkling, illuminating, transforming your hair into a shower of sunlight.

HAY'S HENNA SHAMPOO does this naturally without dyeing, bleaching or in any way injuring the hair. Its liquid coconut oil cleanses the hair and scalp and removes every particle of grime, grease and dandruff, leaving your hair, blonde, brown, or black, bright, brilliant, soft, silky, fragrant and fluffy—the dream of every woman. Try it and see how delighted you will be. Large size bottle, 50c.

On sale at all drug stores, also the Peoples Drug Store, Washington, D. C.

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